

# Life Rolls On

## Kottonmouth Kings

another day gone...sittin in my livin room pullin on some tubes  
no more bubble berry so i settled for the blue  
snapped it through and my lungs start to hurt  
hold it in long enough it'll put your dick in the dirt  
and people go bizerk tryin' to get their hands on it  
most commonly heard phraze is, "Richter's got the chronic"  
so i'm on it, matter of fact i'm on the top  
can't nobody fuck with me or the Killa Kali crops  
like reebox yo i'm un stoppable  
and the bowls that i pack are un-pop able  
so what you grow all i want to know is what seed  
what system you using you got the lights you need  
you got a masters degree from the weed ivy leagues  
or you a cop without a clue just lookin for a leadlife rolls on  
its passin by your eyes real fast  
another 24 another day is passed  
half of those said we'd never lastthey loc i think its time to grow again fuck it  
if you're gonna grow you better come pick up your bucket  
alright im comin through ay yo grab some mountain dew (what)  
a pack of zig zags and a couple of brews  
i cruise through in the blue too with the basetubes  
i too got the big bumps keep my caddy dumped  
dont front on this trunk stump on my bangin bus  
we'll erupt on that blunts but turn that shit to dust  
dusk to dawn just like the modern day Cheech and Chong  
Tim and Dustin on the bong smokin mad amounts of ganj  
writtin songs playin pong we was young we don't belong  
stealing cigarettes and bongs we was kids gettin it on  
but now we're both standing strong 2000 and beyond  
to dawns with the bomb used to fight to get along  
that was way back then and this is right now  
we're on a mission to get it smoke and bone the hell outlife rolls on  
its passin by your eyes real fast  
another 24 another day is passed  
half of those said we'd never lastthere's 420 ways to blaze  
choose one it tastes great when you smokin out the vape  
mind haze sit back it'll put you in a trance  
grab your sack relax and throw your cap up on the hat rack  
throw your feet up recline just chill

we just smoked a eighth of the mother fuckin Kill  
for real hold it in now we goin on a ride  
the bud inside aint nothing to fuck with  
some santa cruz that we got at john's crib  
the crip that you never find around  
the reason you can't find it in your city or your town  
because it sits in my bedroom in piles and mounds  
we got pounds and pounds that the world dont know about  
if i sold it yo they'd all be in the clouds  
smoke em out without a doubt  
yo its not for the money  
its all for the head and gettin stoned with my homies

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>